THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.

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THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

(Criticism concluded from page 250.)

IN describing some of the amusements of these mortals, who, having drank of the waters of oblivion, are free to pass their time as they will, Thompson indulges in some very satirical reflections upon the various pursuits of society. Folly and Vice are rendered conspicuous in the well-drawn character of the miser, spendthrift, and the author, in the detail of the dissipation and extravagance of the city, the dark intrigues of party, and the ridiculous results of warfare.

The following verses will serve as a specimen of this satire, and the first may possibly bear an application to some of our American cities.

Then would a splendid city rise to view,
With carts and cars and coaches roaring all,
Wide pour'd abroad, behold the giddy crew,
See how they dash along from wall to wall.
At every door hark how they thundering call;
Good Lord! what can this giddy rout excite?
Why on each other with fell tooth to fall,
A neighbour's fortune, fame, or peace to blight,
And make new tiresome parties for the coming night.

But, what most shew'd the vanity of life,
Was to behold the nations all on fire;
In cruel broils engag'd, and deadly strife,
Most Christian Kings, inflam'd by black desire,
With honourable ruffians in their hire,
Cause war to rage, and blood around to pour;
Of this sad work when each begins to tire,
They sit them down just where they were before,
Till for new scenes of woe peace shall their force restore.

s the first canto closes, the scene changes, and the deption begins to appear—

Their only labour was to kill the time,
And labour dire it is, and weary woe.

The consequences of indolence and luxurious indulgence begin to be discovered, and the allegory is well supported by fine personifications of Disease, Lethargy, Dropsy, Hypochondria, Spleen, Gout, and Apoplexy.

At the commencement of the second canto, we have these lines, which may, probably, prove soothing to the luckless wretch, who has not basked in the smiles of prosperity:

I care not, Fortune, what you me deny,
You cannot rob me of free nature's grace,
You cannot shut the windows of the sky;
Nor bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns by living streams at eve.

The genius displayed in the arrangement as well as matter of the poem, is happily continued throughout.

In the compass of a very few verses Thompson has condensed a highly poetical account of the origin and progress of science and the arts from the east, until they attained perfection in that favoured island, the general character of whose people and institutions he has repeated in all his compositions in the most elevated and flattering mode. We see, as it were, in one point of view, his original, warlike, savage countrymen, the building of cities and cultivation of fields, the arrival at perfection in every product of genius and industry, and the threatened decline of all, from the introduction of luxury and licentiousness. When the parts of this description are so well connected and form so beautiful a whole, it is superfluous to give a detached quotation. The passage is easily recalled by those, who have read it with an interest the piece merits.

The following verse seems so applicable to the times, and our peculiar situation, that I must be excused for inserting it as a lively and well-drawn portrait:

A rage of pleasure maddened every breast;
Down to the lowest lees the ferment ran;
To his licentious wish each must be blest
With joy be fevered, match it as he can;

Thus vice her standard rear'd; her arrier ban
Corruption called, and loud she gave the word,
Mind, mind yourselves, why should the vulgar man,
The lacquey be more virtuous than his lord,
Enjoy this span of life! 'tis all the gods afford.

The progress of this baneful wizard's power and success at length reaches the ears of industry, who, roused by indignation, is induced to abandon his retreat for the purpose of extirpating this ravaging monster before it was too late.

Accompanied by his minstrels, he approaches this Elysian vale; at the sight of which an exclamation escapes, pretty much to the same purport as the previous remarks in this essay upon the proximity of vice to virtue.

Irresolution, and a subserviency of Reason to Passion and Indolence, where they have gained ascendancy in spite of the judgement and wishes of the incapacitated mortal, are accurately described.

The address of the minstrel to the wavering and irresolute multitude, answers the purpose of reclamation, and contains unanswerable arguments in opposition to those formerly advanced, and which are exemplified by many appropriate smiles.

Did I not consider quotations as generally tiresome, I would copy some verses that in a very beautiful manner describe the changes that were produced in the visions of these deluded mortals, by clearing the mist from their mental sight.

Precipices, destructive and loathsome objects are now substituted for what was so enchanting; they are astonished at their own blindness, and reformation is the consequence. It was not, however, the lot of all to escape this wretched thraldom. Some are consigned over to beggary and scorn, from whose persecutions they cannot fly or expect relief.

Hitherto nothing has been attempted but an outline of the plan of this poem, very little else can be done in examining a production of this description, which is not shackled by the rules of the various and rigid nature which regulate the more elevated kind of poetry. I will, therefore, close my remarks, in a few words, by giving such a character as more properly belongs to this order of poems.

In considering this production the reader must be very fastidious, indeed, if he discerns any thing defective in the poet's powers of imagination. It is never languid nor uninteresting, though of considerable length, and wrote in a stanza which is not always favourable to energy or animation. The plan is complete and methodical; the subject well supported, and highly interesting; the imagery striking and poetical; the versifications as smooth and flowing as his master Spenser's, or any of his imitators. I think it has the advantage of the minstrel of Beattie, by being of more general application and utility. A

FOR THE COMPANION.

HISTORICAL EVIDENCES OF THE TRUTH OF CHRISTIANITY.

(Continued from page 251.)

" His was a life of miracles and might,
And charity and love, ere yet he taste
The bitter draught of death, ere yet he rise
Victorious o'er the universal foe,
And Death, and Sin, and Hell in triumph lead.
His by the right of conquest is mankind,
And in sweet servitude and golden bonds
We're ty'd to him forever.— O how easy
Is his ungalling yoke, and all his burdens
'Tis ecstacy to bear !....."

PROPOSITION. I.

That the facts or miracles related in the gospel are indisputably true, therefore the religion established by their means is of that divine origin which it professes to be and worthy our serious attention.

DEMONSTRATION I.

The possibility of the miracles attested in the gospel.

Some have objected that miracles are in themselves impossible: this we shall endeavour to confute.

A miracle is a work out of the usual course of nature, which no creature is able to effect. That cannot be called a miracle which man is able to bring to pass. Though an action may be done but seldom, and therefore may excite our astonishment, yet if it may be performed by man, it cannot be a miracle, this is a work to which God alone is equal, consequently nothing must be esteemed a miraculous intervention of providence which man independent of the Deity can perform.

God does as he pleases both in heaven and in the earth, he first sketched the plan of the world, he fixed its foundations, and he placed the system of the universe, in that order in which we discern it. He can dispense for a certain time with those laws which seem regularly to us to govern the creation, and make new regulations if the alteration occasioned thereby should be for his honour and glory. Miracles are strictly natural—all parts of the world are in the hands of God, the whole is his, he reigns over it, and though some things may appear supernatural to us, all is controuled by that unerring wisdom which foresaw the whole from eternity; besides there are doubtless many laws by which the natural world is governed with which we are entirely unacquainted, and ever shall be in this state—Miracles must have a visible and lasting effect-

We may be deceived by an impostor for the present, and until a close and strict examination, may not be enabled to judge concerning the truth of those works at which we are surprized. If we carefully examine the miracles of the numerous impostors we shall perceive that they were false, they were never to be discerned as to their effects; all their boasting then is vain and fanciful; something to astonish the multitude, without any foundation: and though they made a great noise, we are certain that none of those effects which ought to follow a miracle did succeed those pretended miricles said to have been performed by them. Mahammed professed to possess no miraculous power; he rested the success of his religion upon the victories which his arms might acquire, and the number of its disciples upon the nations conquered by his sword.

A diligent scrutiny into those wonders said to have been performed by Christ, will induce us to believe, that they were the works of God, that truly he was the Son of God, and of course the religion established upon the credit of these miracles will be such an one as merits our attention. Can we suppose that God would aid and assist one who pretended to divinity if he really was not sent by him: can we think that he who is so jealous of his honour, would help a man in his wicked attempts to take it from him?

Consider the miracles of Christ, view them in the different ways in which they were performed, and their connecting circumstances.

Behold a man dead and buried, who had laid in the ground four days, and who was represented by his friends as stinking already; at the sound of the redeemer's voice, he left the dark abode, and lived some considerable time after, eating, drinking, and performing the customary duties of life. This is a miracle. Go! find the man who could call his brother from the dead: place before him a body putrified; give him one still warm, tell him to restore it to its usual vigour, and impart its suspended animation: you command him to do that which will defy all his skill and ability Go to an old experienced sailor, one who for fifty years has been toiling on the water—in a hurricane, and the ship sinking; exhort him by his maritime skill, to restrain the violence of the winds, and by his voice, to hush the raging elements into a calm;—you may as well address the fishes sporting around you. Yet it is a fact that Christ walked upon the sea as if it had been land, that he came into the ship in which were his chosen companions then near perishing through the violence of the tempest, and immediately as he said "Peace, be still," the utmost serenity pervaded the water and the air.

A man who had been thirty years and more afflicted with a lameness, which baffled all medical skill was at once restored by his powerful word. At an advanced period of life a man born perfectly blind had his sight given him. In short, "the blind saw, the lame walked, "the lepers were cleansed, the deaf heard, the dumb "spake, devils were ejected, and the dead raised to life." We never read, that these stupendous works were performed, but in Judea, and its neighbourhood; but by Jesus, and those to whom he himself delegated the ability: and they were many, lasting, and their effects were discernable after a considerable portion of time was elapsed.

The Lord of life and glory had predicted that he should be put to death and buried; it accordingly happened.—He was slain and interred; at the time which he appointed, he left the tomb, and arose to light and immortality. It is upon this fact the whole gospel rests: if this be annihilated, if this be untrue, the history of the scriptures is a false narration, and no confidence can be placed in it. This was the grand work which Jesus had to effect; this was the rule by which men were to be guided in judging him, whether he were an impostor or not; this was the test by which the truth of his pretensions was to be tried, and he himself condemned or approved. He certainly was seen alive on the third day after he had been crucified; and hence convinced his apostles that he came from heaven, and that his doctrine was divine: as we cannot suppose that God, had he been an impostor, would when he was publickly executed, have delivered him from the hands of death, and confirmed the truth of his mission by so important and irrefragable an argument. We may therefore conclude that miracles are possible, from the power of God, and from our conviction that they were exhibited in ancient times; and the mission of Jesus or any other, if it be sanctioned by an ability to work miracles, ought to be received as divine.

It is evident from the Old Testiment history that miracles were considered sufficient evidence, to prove the truth of any doctrines which were taught—if supported by them. When Moses was called to deliver the Israelites from their slavery, God gave him the power of working miracles as a testimony of his divine mission. Pharoah would not hearken to Moses, as long as the magicians could do the same work: but when they acknowledged "it to be the "finger of God," he also confessed it, and relented.—Christ professed himself to be the promised Messiah,—

The Jews were the only judges of the reality of his claim; they only had the marks by which to examine him: they sought for signs and wonders to convince them. Our Lord does not blame them for their request: he censured them as desiring miracles with a mind unprepared and determined not to believe them. Evidence of a miraculous nature is the only testimony which we can possibly have of a circumstance of this kind, and therefore however incredible, if it comes to us properly authenticated, we ought to credit it: the miracles of the gospel are possible.

(To be continued.)

BEATTIE'S LIFE AND CHARACTER.

(Continued from page 253.)

Of modern divines his greatest favourite was Dr. Clarke. He studied all that author's works with his usual accuracy, and with much delight. Even the controversy with Dodwell he studied; for he thought it strictly connected with what Baxter and others had taught concerning the incorporeal nature of the soul: a doctrine, of which he was a zealous defender; which he had examined as far, I believe, as human ingenuity can examine it; and on which he has left a great deal in writing, though nothing finished.

I spoke of his playfulness. In conversation with his particular friends he would display an amazing exuberance of pleasantry and humour. His knowledge of nature and extensive learning, supplied him with innumerable images; and his lively fancy, aided by simplicity of diction and a ready eloquence, enabled him to combine them into the most diverting forms that could be imagined.* He had, what perhaps all people of observation have, a slight tendency to satire; but it was of the gentlest kind; he had too much candour and good nature to be either a general satirist or a severe one. That taunting, gibing, railery, which some people, who mistake ill-nature for wit, are so fond of, he despised and hated: he often, as his duty required, spoke in order to improve and amend others; but never uttered a word with a view to give pain. Characters, however, there were, of which he was at no pains to conceal what he thought. If persons, notoriously profligate; or who in publick office seemed to him to have betrayed their trust; or who, rendered impudent by immorality and ignorance, ventured to retail the wretched impieties of infidelity;—if such person happened to be spoken of in his hearing, it was easy to perceive, that his abstaining from general satire was owing to the want, not of talents, but of inclination.

I mentioned that acuteness of intellect, which enabled him to enter with facility into the abstrusest doctrines of the abstract philosophy. He possessed a talent still more useful, in which men of acute minds are sometimes deficient; and that was Good Sense. He could instantly, and almost intuitively, discern what in human conduct was right or wrong, prudent or imprudent; not only in matters of morality and science, but in the general intercourse of the world. Of his superiority in this talent I was so sensible, that, during the last four or five years of his life, I seldom resolved on any thing that had difficulty in it, without consulting him; and I never went wrong by following his advice.

The delicacy (I may even call it the purity) of his mind was greater than I have known in any other man, at least in any other young man; and, in one so young, was truly admirable, and worthy of imitation. He was aware of the danger of admitting indelicate or improper thoughts into his mind; for he knew that associations of ideas, disapproved both by reason as incongruous, and by conscience as immoral, might in a moment be formed, in consequence of inattention, even when there was no settled propensity to evil. To give an example or two of this delicacy, that my meaning may be understood, (one cannot be very explicit on this subject); such a book as that most contemptible one called *Scotch Presbyterian eloquence displayed* he would not have looked into on any account whatever; because he had heard, that passages of Scripture are introduced in it, for the purpose of raising laughter. Silly tales and jokes of the same nature he would sometimes hear in company (they are too often heard from those of whom better things might be expected); but he always showed displeasure at hearing, and never repeated them. And, notwithstanding his love of the talent called *Humour*, he would never read *The Tale of a Tub*: because he had heard me say, that there are in it gross indecencies; and that, by forming ludicrous associations of the meanest ideas with the most awful truths of religion, it could hardly fail in some degree to disorder and debase the mind. I did not tell him this, or any thing else, in a dictatorial manner; nor did I ever forbid him to read that book. But his attention was continually awake, to learn, although from the slightest hint or most trivial circumstance, what might be useful in purifying his mind, regulating his conduct, or improving his understanding.

Thus formed, thus enlightened, and thus inured to consideration, a mind possessed of sensibility can never be defici-

* Several passages of this Preface I have found copied and without acknowledgement applied to another person. See Anderson's Edition of British Poets, quoted in the Monthly Review for September 1798, page 18, &c.

ent in Taste or Critical Sagacity. In this respect he was highly accomplished ; of which however it is no proof to say, that at the age of eighteen he was a better judge of composition than I had been at thirty. It may be thought, that I would not neglect to explain to him the principles of good writing, as far as I knew them ; and this part of my duty I did not neglect ; but my diligence in it bore no proportion to his proficiency ; which I impute to his natural rectitude of mind, aided by constantly reading the best authors, and abstaining, as he scrupulously did, from such as fall below, or do not rise above, mediocrity. They, who may be pleased to say, that at this rate he must have kept at a distance from what I have attempted in writing, are at liberty to think so. To me, and to every thing connected with me, he was partial : as I have acknowledged already : and they who understand human nature will not think the worse of him, either as a man, or as a critick, for having had this infirmity. A dislike of *ambitious ornaments*, and, what I might almost call, an *abhorrence* of ostentation, appeared in him very early in life ; and were heightened and confirmed by studying those ancient writers, particularly Homer, Xenophon, Herodotus, Cesar, and others, who are distinguished by a severe and majestick simplicity of style.

When he began to learn the French language, of which, under an experienced teacher, he acquired very exactly the elements and pronunciation, I, remembering with what delight I had in my youth read *Telemaque*, recommended that work to his perusal, and told him he would be highly entertained with it. In this, however, I was mistaken. After going through one half, he begged I would not insist on his reading the other, at least at present. "I acknowledge, said he, the author's merit as a politician "and moralist, and I believe he writes the French tongue "in its purity ; but I have been studying Homer's Odyssey, the simplicity of which delights me ; and with this "impression on my mind I cannot just now relish the "flowry descriptions of Fenelon." He mentioned other objections, which I need not repeat. I said, he might lay Telemaque aside, till he found himself disposed to resume it, and in the mean time return to his Homer ; for whose simplicity and grandeur I was much pleased to find that he had a true taste. He was about fifteen when this little conference passed: It may give modish readers a mean opinion of his judgement : on those who have conversed, as he had, with ancient authors, it may perhaps have a contrary effect.

Time was not allowed him for going deep into the literature of France : his favourite authors of that nation were Moliere and Boileau. Of Rousseau he knew little ; and such was his opinion of Voltaire's principles and character that he had no curiosity to enquire after his books. Of the French tongue he seemed to think, that its want of harmony, and being almost entirely made up of idomatick phrases, rendered it unfit for the higher poetry, and for elevated composition in general ; but he did not think himself sufficiently skilled in it to pretend to judge of its merit. Italian, which he would probably have found more to his mind, he meant to study, but did not live to do it.

He was master in Greek and Latin : and in getting those languages was much aided by his skill in grammatical art ; without which it is indeed impossible (though projectors have thought otherwise) to learn them with accuracy ; and, if they are not accurately learned, the acquisition is not of great value. I find, by his papers, that he had exercised himself a little in Greek composition ; which I believe is not often done in Scotland. Latin he spoke correctly and readily. In that language he and I sometimes conversed when we were by ourselves ; and he soon became my superiour in this as in every other talent. most of the things I have published of late years were submitted in manuscript to his revisal, and received from him valuable emendations. What he proposed in this way I never saw reason to reject.

In a pocket-book of his, I find hints and memorandums, some in Latin, some in English, which do honour to his character ;—pious purposes,—resolutions respecting his behaviour in society ;—and titles, and plans, of intended dissertations on various subjects. Among these is "A discourse on the Lord's prayer, considered as an evidence "of the truth of Christianity." It could not, he said, be contrived either by an impostor, or by the disciples of an impostor. I have heard him talk on the subject, and was so well pleased with his reasoning, that though, in consideration of his health, I wished him to write little and seldom, I even advised him to prosecute that argument : which, however, his last illness prevented.

(To be continued.)

Thoughts on the cultivation of the heart and temper in the education of daughters.—BY HANNAH MORE.

(Concluded from page 255.)

Those who have children to educate ought to be extremely patient : it is indeed a labour of love. They should reflect, that extraordinary talents are neither essential to the well-being of society, nor to the happiness of individuals. If that had been the case, the beneficent Fa-

ther of the universe would not have made them so rare. For it is as easy for an Almighty Creator to produce a Newton, as an ordinary man; and he could have made those powers common which we now consider as wonderful, without any miraculous exertion of his omnipotence, if the existence of many Newtons had been necessary to the perfection of his wise and gracious plan.

Surely, therefore, there is more piety, as well as more sense, in labouring to improve the talents which children actually have, than in lamenting that they do not possess supernatural endowments or angelic perfections. A passage of Lord Bacon's furnishes an admirable incitement for endeavouring to carry the amiable and christian grace of charity to its farthest extent, instead of indulging an over-anxious care for more briliant but less important acquisitions. "The desire of power in excess (says he) caused "the angels to fall; the desire of knowledge in excess caus-"ed man to fall; but in charity is no excess, neither can "man or angels come into danger by it."

A girl who has docility will seldom be found to want understanding enough for all the purposes of a social, happy, and an useful life. And when we behold the tender hope of fond and anxious love, blasted by disappointment, the defect will as often be discovered to proceed from the neglect or the error of cultivation, as from the natural temper; and those who lament the evil, will sometimes be found to have occasioned it.

It is as injudicious for parents to set out with too sanguine a dependence on the merit of their children, as it is for them to be discouraged at every repulse. When their wishes are defeated in this or that particular instance, where they had treasured up some darling expectation, this is so far from being a reason for relaxing their attention, that it ought to be an additional motive for redoubling it. Those who hope to do a great deal, must not expect to do every thing. If they know any thing of the malignity of sin, the blindness of prejudice, or the corruption of the human heart, they will also know, that the heart will always remain, after the very best possible education, full of infirmity and imperfection. Extraordinary allowances, therefore, must be made for the weakness of nature in this its weakest state. After much is done, much will remain to do, and much, very much, will still be left undone. For this regulation of the passions and affections cannot be the work of education alone, without the concurrence of divine grace operating on the heart. Why then should parents repine, if their efforts are not always crowned with immediate success? They should consider, that they are not educating cherubims and seraphims, but men and women; creatures, who at their best estate are altogether vanity: how little then can be expected from them in the weakness and imbecility of infancy! I have dwelt on this part of the subject the longer because I am certain that many, who have set out with a warm and active zeal, have cooled on the first discouragement, and have afterwards almost totally remitted their vigilance, through a criminal kind of despair.

Great allowances must be made for a profusion of gaiety, loquacity, and even indiscretion in children, that there may be animation enough left to supply an active and useful character, when the first fermentation of the youthful passions is over, and the redundant spirits shall come to subside.

If it be true, as a consummate judge of human nature has observed,

That not a vanity is given in vain,

it is also true, that there is scarcely a single passion, which may not be turned to some good account, if prudently rectified and skilfully turned into the road of some neighbouring virtue. It cannot be violently bent, or unnaturally forced towards an object of a totally opposite nature, but may be gradually inclined towards a correspondent but superior affection. Anger, hatred, resentment, and ambition, the most restless and turbulent passions which shake and distract the human soul, may be led to become the most active opposers of sin, after having been its most successful instruments. Our anger, for instance, which can never be totally subdued, may be made to turn against ourselves, for our weak and imperfect obedience—our hatred, against every species of vice—our ambition, which will not be discarded, may be ennobled: it will not change its name, but its object: it will despise what it lately valued, nor be contented to grasp at less than immortality.

Thus the joys, fears, hopes, desires, all the passions and affections, which separate in various currents from the soul, will, if directed into their proper channels, after having fertilised wherever they have flowed, return again to swell and enrich the parent source.

That the very passions which appear the most uncontroulable and unpromising, may be intended, in the great scheme of Providence, to answer some important purpose, is remarkably evidenced in the character and history of Saint Paul. A remark on this subject by an ingenious old Spanish writer, which I will here take the liberty to translate, will better illustrate my meaning.

"To convert the bitterest enemy into the most zealous "advocate, is the work of God for the instruction of man. "Plutarch has observed, that the medical science would

" be brought to the utmost perfection, when poison should " be converted into physic. Thus, in the mortal disease " of Judaism and idolatry, our blessed Lord converted the " adder's venom of Saul the persecutor, into that cement " which made Paul the chosen vessel. That manly acti- " vity, that restless ardor, that burning zeal for the law " of his fathers, that ardent thirst for the blood of Chris- " tians, did the Son of God find necessary in the man who "was one day to become the defender of his suffering people."*

To win the passions, therefore, over to the cause of virtue, answers a much nobler end than their extinction would possibly do, even if that could be effected. But it is their nature never to observe a neutrality ; they are either rebels or auxiliaries, and an enemy subdued is an ally obtained.

If I may be allowed to change the allusion so soon, I would say, that the passions also resemble fires, which are friendly and beneficial when under proper direction, but if suffered to blaze without restraint, they carry devastation along with them, and, if totally extinguished, leave the benighted mind in a state of cold and comfortless inanity.

But, in speaking of the usefulness of the passions, as instruments of virtue, *envy* and *lying* must always be excepted: these, I am persuaded, must either go on in still progressive mischief, or else be radically cured, before any good can be expected from the heart which has been infected with them. For I never will believe that envy, tho' passed through all the moral strainers, can be refined into a virtuous emulation, or lying improved into an agreeable turn for innocent invention. Almost all the other passions may be made to take an amiable hue; but these two must either be totally extirpated, or be always contented to preserve their original deformity, and to wear their native black.

*Obras de Quevedo, vida de San Pablo Apostol.

Mr. Hogarth used to tell a story of his being once in company with several artists, who were boasting of uncommon works each had executed. One, in particular, said, he had writen a volume in folio with a single pen, which he had mended 199 times. Another declared he had finished an Equestrain Statue with only a broken knife for a chisel, and a rolling pin for a mallet. A third stated, he had engraved a copper-plate with no other tool than a rusty nail. " I told them," said Hogarth, " that I once painted a Sacred History Piece with one colour, which was neither heightened nor lowered; making the back ground, shades, &c. with one unaltered colour." The company expressed their astonishment, and begged he would relate the method of completing his performance. Hogarth thus informed them :

" I was sent for by a Sir Thomas Thornton, a man of singular disposition, to paint his stair-case with some sacred historical piece, applicable to a circumstance which happened to him once ; which was his being at sea, where he was pursued and taken by some Algerine Pirates. I asked him what he thought of the Egyptians pursuing the children of Israel through the red sea?

" Egad," said Sir Thomas, " a lucky thought. Well, my dear friend, begin it as soon as possible. But stay, stay ! hold, hold !—What is your price ? I always like to make a bargain with you gentlemen of the brush."

" Dear, Sir," Hogarth answered, " I can give no answer to that until I have finished. I shall not be unreasonable ; you will pay me, I dare say, as an artist.

" Hey, egad, that you may depend on," said the Baronet ;—" but stay, stay—! hold, hold !—I can't think of exceeding ten guineas."

Hogarth, piqued to have his talents so undervalued, accepted the terms on condition that five of the ten pieces should be advanced before he began. The five guineas were paid, and the painter desired to begin immediately.

Hogarth rose early the next morning and took with him some common red paint, with which single color he covered the stair case from top to bottom. He then went to Sir Thomas's chamber, and knocked at the door. The awakened knight asked—" Hey ! Who's there ?"

" Hogarth," answered the painter.

" Well ! What do you want ?" said Sir Thomas.

" The job is done, Sir Thomas," said Hogarth.

" Done ?" asked the other. " Hey, the d—l ! no, sure ! The stair case done already ! Hold, hey—stay, stay !—Let me get on my morning gown—done—hey—What, a week's work done in a—Hey. Stay, stay !"

The knight hobbled out of his chamber as fast as his gouty legs would permit ; and, rubbing his eyes, cried out—

" What the d—l have we here ?"

" The red sea, Sir," Hogarth answered.

" The red sea !" said the astonished knight.

" Hey ! Stay, stay ! Hold, hold !—But where the d—are the children of Israel ?"

" They are all gone over," said the painter.

" They are all gone over, are they ?" Sir Thomas repeated.—" Hey ! Stay, stay !—Hold, hold ! But, zounds, where are the Egyptians ?"

" They are all drowned, Sir Thomas," said Hogarth, who was considerably pleased to have thus so properly chastised the illiberal treatment which he had received.

Lewis's Comic Sketches.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

MORNING REFLECTIONS OF AN INDOLENT MAN.

The sun once more his radiant course pursues,
To light and cheer this animated ball;
And in his ample round again reviews
The various actions, and pursuits of all.

He sees the earth by careful labour's hand
Teeming with fruits, and flowers, and swelling grain;
And urg'd by fortune, or by fame's command,
The advent'rous seaman sweep the trackless main.

Whilst he, whom neither hope nor fears impell,
Nor lur'd by fame, nor by misfortune driven,
Wastes life away—how, he can scarcely tell,
"An idle gazer on the light of heaven." E

To a white rose, which the author took from a Lady's bosom.

Forgive, fair flower, the rude, unfriendly hand,
That snatch'd thee from the beateous heav'n of rest,
Where proudly thou had'st ta'en th' exalted stand,
On virtue's favorite dwelling—*Delia's* breast!
Bright, spotless, and unsullied as thou wert,
Like the sweet maid to whom thou did'st belong;
Yet envy stole insiduous to my heart,
And bade me think thou'dst liv'd in bliss too long.

Poor, palid, drooping solitary flower;
Yet rest with me, and fear no farther harm;
To give thee health again is past my pow'r;
But thou shalt find my throbbing bosom warm:
Warm with strong friendship, warm with ardent love,
Warm with the muses fire, with truth sincere,
Warm with each good, the gift of heav'n above.
For *Delia's* image kindles virtue there! Z

To a rose given to the author by a lady.

Young summer's eldest, darling pride!
By *Delia* to my hand convey'd;
Thy blushes in my bosom hide,
Sweet enblem of the sweetest maid.

Yet thence thy beauties soon will fly,
Thy form will wither and decay;
Thy fragrant, balmy life must die,
Nor woo again the solar ray.

Thus flatt'ring hope, illusive sprite,
Shot o'er my bosom darksome gloom
A short liv'd gleam of dubious light;
And doubt, and fear, usurp'd her room.

Poor rose, thy charms no longer live,
Thy bloom is gone, thy day is o'er;
But *Delia's* smiles can hope revive,
And every banished joy restore. Z

The mariner who long has plough'd
The azure deep in quest of land,
Misled by ev'ning's purple cloud,
Will often think his port at hand.

But melted by the rays of morn,
The misty vapours break and rise;
Then the poor mariner forlorn,
Sees nothing but the seas and skies.

So I, deceiv'd when Clara smiles,
Will fondly think she smiles for me;
But when fond hope no more beguiles
I toss on doubts uncertain sea. ATIDOR.

SELECTED POETRY.

The three following pieces were published in the Philadelphia Magazine, April, 1798, a work, which was discontinued the ensuing fall, on account of the Editor's death by the yellow fever. If there should appear too close a resemblance between them, let the reader consider that they were written as part of an evenings amusement by three friends; the two last, confining themselves to the same subject, and the same measure as the first.

TO SLEEP.

Oh gentle sleep! sole friend of ling'ring care!
From whose corrosive pow'r no arm can save;
Grant thy kind influence to my eager pray'r,
As sound, and deep, as is the silent grave.

Seize vagrant fancy in thy leaden hand
And closely press her in thy dark embrace;
Wave o'er her head thy bland oblivious wand,
And mem'ry's gloomy characters errace.

Thus freed from flat'ring hopes, and anxious fears,
Thus far remov'd from jarring nature's strife;
Oh! let me slumber nights, and days, and years,
Nor wake again to the dull dream of life. E

TO SLEEP.

Hence, horrid type of future fate, away!
O'er misery only brood with raven wing;
Snatch not from me the dazzling blaze of day,
Nor o'er my raptured sense thy poppies fling.

Lo! nature laughs beneath the glad'ning ray,
And sheds her perfumes o'er th' enamel'd green;
Heav'n's muisc vibrates from each trembling spray,
Oh! let me wake forever to the scene.

Approach not thou till sated sense grows cold,
Nor eager springs at pleasure's wonted call;
Then round my brows thy clouded mantle fold,
And death's eternal silence bury all. FRANKLY.

TO SLEEP.

Hence with thy palsied hand detested sleep!
Go seal the lids of wretchedness and care:
Seek thou the couch where injur'd beauties weep,
And rescue these one moment from despair.

For me, I charge thee o'er my busy brain,
Henceforth, thy torpid stupid influence never bring;
Fancy is there, with all her lovely train,
And fears the shadow of thy raven wing.

But, when exhausted is my ling'ring breath,
With songs of joy, and every transport o'er;
One sleep I'll take, the last cold sleep of death,
And wake where thou can'st never plague me more.

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